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# The Stock Exchange in Caricature

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# The Stock Exchange in Caricature

# The Stock Exchange in Caricature

**A Private Collection** of Caricatures, Cartoons and Character Sketches of members of the New York Stock Exchange, humorously portraying their fads and foibles, and conveying the jovial spirit and good fellowship underlying the serious side of everyday life "on 'change."

*Issued under the Direction of a*
**Committee of Members**

PART TWO

NEW YORK
ABRAM STONE *Publisher*
1904

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pt.2

Of this publication
there have been PRINTED
one hundred and seventy-seven copies
of which this is

Copy No. 125

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Arranged and printed under the Direction of
GEORGE E. CROSCUP
at The Miller Press, New York

# Part Two

## *1870 to 1880*

William S. Alley
Legrand L. Benedict
Charles P. Britton
Washington E. Connor
William H. Granbery
Charles I. Hudson
John S. James
Richard King
Theodore W. Myers
Charles E. Quincey
George H. Schinzel
William R. White

## *1880 to 1890*

Robert S. Barclay
Walter A. Bass
James S. Bearns
James F. A. Clark
Louis C. Clark
William Fahnestock
Jacques S. Halle
Charles W. Maury
Edward F. Slayback

## *1890 to 1900*

Allen Arnold
Stewart Barr
Charles E. Berner
Adolph H. Borman
Henry H. Cone
Frank A. Day
Ernest H. DeCoppet
William B. DeHaven
Jacob Field
Andrew B. Graves
Albert H. Gross
E. Sanford Hatch

## *1890 to 1900—continued*

G. Trowbridge Hollister
Edward H. Hough
Edward H. Jewett
Philip Kearney
Charles E. Knoblauch
Percival Kuhne
William Laimbeer
Leo Levy
Charles B. Macdonald
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Emil A. Tauchert
James A. Taylor
Henry B. Vaughan
Samuel H. Watts
Henry W. Warner
Henry Weisl
Henri P. Wertheim
J. Lorimer Worden

## *1900 to 1904*

Henry G. Campbell, Jr.
Joseph Connah
Clarence DeWitt
Frank W. Duryea
Charles G. Gates
Henry G. Hahlo
Hugo H. Hahlo
William D. Hutton
Louis M. Josephthal
Ira A. Kip, Jr.
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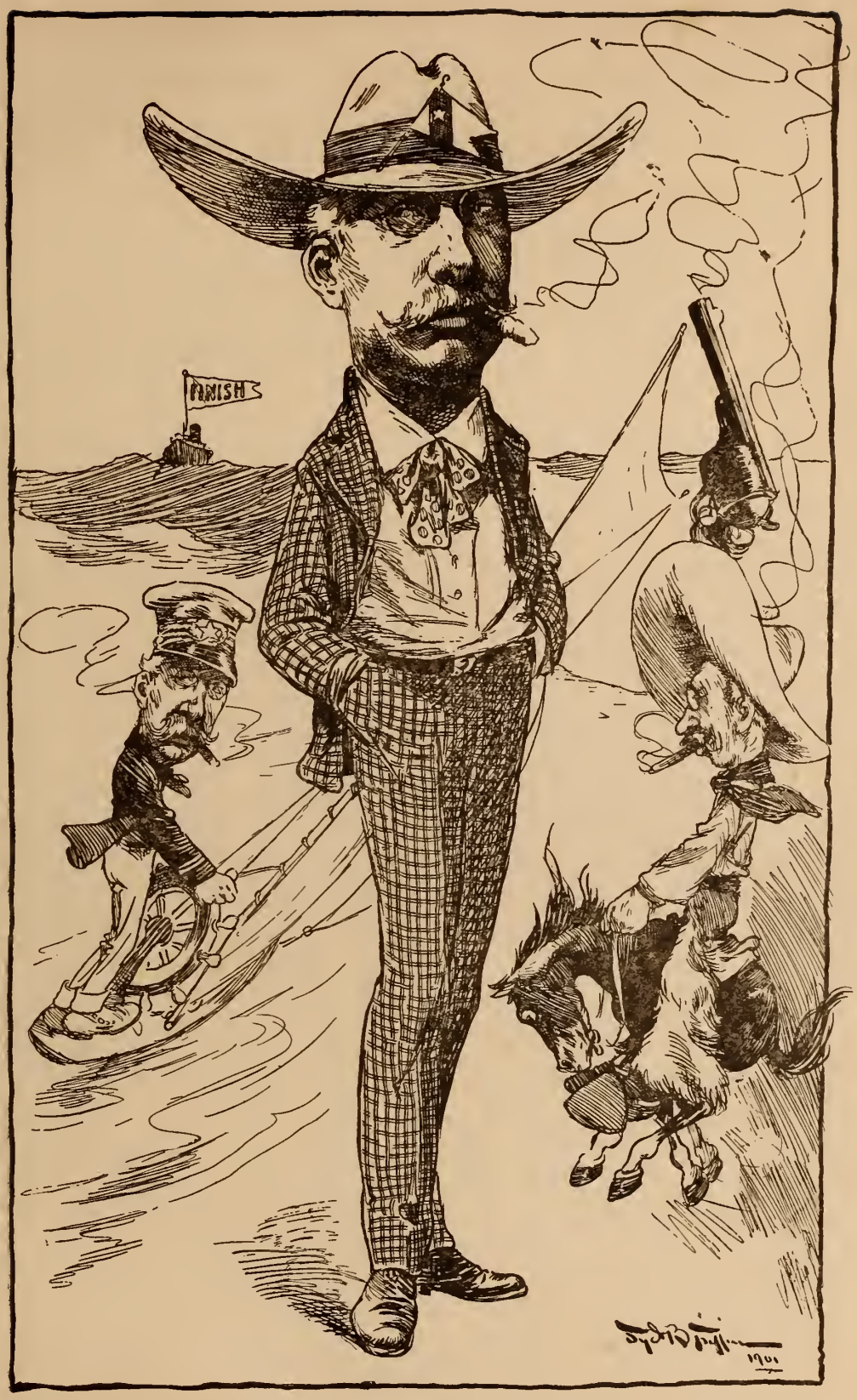
Monson Morris
Leopold Newborg
Robert C. Nicholas
Henry H. Oltman
H. Archie Pell
Frederic S. Rook
Herbert A. Scheftel
Sidney M. Sternbach
Louis A. Sussdorff
William C. Van Antwerp

Edward DeWitt Walsh

*OOD "all 'round fellows" through the world there are,*
*Afloat, ashore, in ball room, at the bar,*
*And here stalks one. Ah, Bill! thou'dst richer be*
*Had thy good traits not rounded out so far.*

WILLIAM S. ALLEY.


FINISH

*ARK where the man of iron stalketh now,*
*With supreme confidence athwart his brow;*
*His pockets bulging out with profits won,---*
*Ah Croseus! Warm thy heart and tell us how.*

LEGRAND L. BENEDICT

CAR
STOCKS
LOCO-MOTIVE
CAR FOUNDRY
FOUNDRY STOCK

*AIL Broad Street's Medallist! Who can retire*
*Proud of success that action could inspire,*
*Bear well thy glittering burden and affright*
*All sinners with thy Methodistic fire.*

CHARLES P. BRITTON

MY COLLECTION OF ELECTION BADGES
VOTE FOR
MY HOBBY
- Rigby -

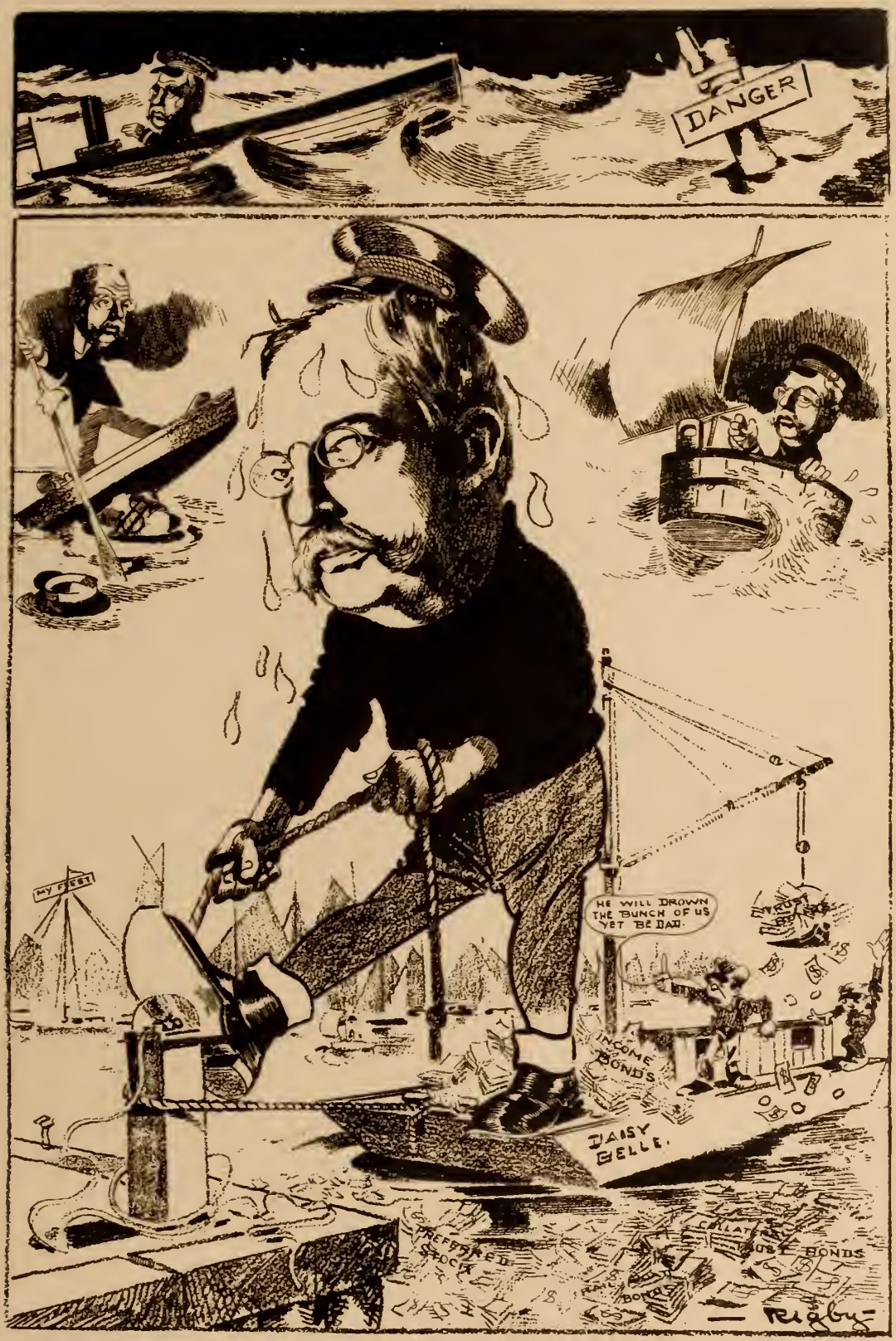
*"LD WASH?" Back number? Legend lies forsooth!*
*Age cannot stale his prehistoric youth,*
*Who can grind music from the shades of woe,*
*And juggle idle rumor into truth.*

WASHINGTON E. CONNOR

THE LOST
CHORD.
I WANT
TO BE AN

*COME fill the cup! Drink to the reckless he*
*Whose daring rests not even on the sea;*
*Who steers his shallop thro' his watered stocks*
*And glides by danger signals fearlessly.*

WILLIAM H. GRANBERY


DANGER
HE WILL DROWN THE BUNCH OF US YET BE DAD.
INCOME BONDS
DAISY BELLE.
PREFERRED STOCK
BONDS

*HAT HO! Some rare chef d'oeuvre of old Faience!*
*Some vases, crackle-glazed in blue and brown!*
*News o'er the wire that stocks are going down,*
*And he will boom ceramics and finance.*

CHARLES I. HUDSON

CHARLES T. HUDSON OLD CHINA. PORCELAINES. OBJECTS OF ART &C
C.T.H
THE SHORN LAMB
ANTIQUE
FOUND IN WALL STREET

*O be a Sugar-King, a Raphael too,*
*Is something far beyond all hope to do,*
*And yet the shade of one's before me now,*
*Whose one art symphony from hat to shoe.*

JOHN S. JAMES

SUGAR
SUGAR
SKETCHES IN SUGAR
19 F GILBERT EDGE 01

*HY he can can juggle golf balls, billiards too,*
*And make his raiment seem forever new,*
*As easily as when with cunning smile,*
*He rules the earnings of C. B. & Q.*

RICHARD KING

C.B. & Q.

*H party strife! How inconsistent thou!*
*That once endorsed, and doth deny it now.*
*Perhaps this small comptroller was so great*
*That votes could not defeat him anyhow.*

THEODORE W. MYERS

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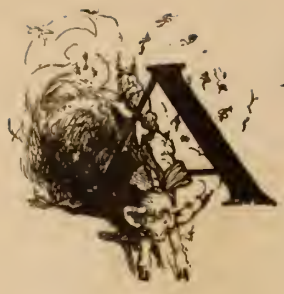
*EMOSTHENES was eloquent 'tis said,*
*But fable never drew him finely fed.*
*How different from this expert gourmet*
*Who thrills the festive board from foot to head.*

CHARLES E. QUINCEY



*BOVE this brow divine afflatus burns*
*His muse letters and music sways by turns;*
*A dilletante in the world of art,*
*Cæsar in that where pluck a fortune earns.*

GEORGE H. SCHINZEL

COROT
RUBENS
SYMPHONY DE R.R. BONDS
WALSE ET GALOP
STOCK EXCHANGE
BONDS
BONDS
SHAKESPEARE
GOETHE
STATISTICS
BALZAC
RUBAIYAT
IBSEN
BRAHMS
CRADLE SONG

*F figures do not lie, here's that of wealth*
*Iron turned to Gold with long continued health,*
*And trolley cars that teach him charity;---*
*Else this exterior were got by stealth.*

WILLIAM R. WHITE

CAR FOUNDRY
FOR THE BOYS CHRISTMAS
STRIKE

*AIT not the ticker's reel with mawkish qualms,*
*And hope to land the unsuspecting Lambs,*
*For danger often springs from innocence,*
*And many a bite lurks in the shells of clams.*

ROBERT S. BARCLAY

D&W
STOCK
EXCHANGE
PIER
R.W.&O.
R.W.&O.
ODD
LOTS

*DOG! A gun! A hand of magic touch!*
*His prey is on a bier or else a crutch.*
*Laurelled in every fight for "Steel Preferred"*
*Save when the Lambs' prefer it not so much.*

WALTER A. BASS

*H inconsistent man! I heard somewhere*
*The tale of one who more than fought his share*
*'Gainst droves of maddened Bulls, and yet one day*
*He fled in terror from a captive Bear.*

JAMES S. BEARNS

*ELL me no speedful tales of auto-cars,*
*Malodorous and murderous. For lo!*
*I'll make four steeds in graceful tangles go,*
*And find as many ways of seeing stars.*

JAMES F. A. CLARK

*HE child of Nimrod never ducking shuns,*
*Nor halts, tho' tide and weather dim his luck.*
*He doth admire and praise all kinds of duck,*
*But ne'er is cruel save to feathered ones.*

Louis C. Clark

THIS IS
A BLIND

*HRICE blesséd he who through the whole day long*
*Can wed the roar of trade to soothing song;*
*In accents deaconesque or otherwise,*
*Dependent on a market weak or strong.*

WILLIAM FAHNESTOCK

KEEP YO' EYE ON DAT SOUTHERN RAIL-WAY
JERSEY CENTRAL GOING UP
OH DAT COTTON OIL
DARS GWINE TER BE A HOT TIME IN DAT FUST NATIONAL BANK
THE FAHNESTOCK MEDLEY

*HE soul of ice can waft no summer breeze,*
*Nor nurture into fruit a tropic's trees,*
*Still it can coldly mould its own success,*
*And Southern languor into failure freeze.*

JACQUES S. HALLE

ARCHIE GUNN

*ARK now trade's Engineer! His firm clenched hand*
*Is on the throttles of machines that rule,*
*Exchange Committees hail him as their school;*
*Fights for Chicago Terminal he planned.*

CHARLES W. MAURY

*HO makes his daily deal and drives away,*
*Returns to the attack with stronger sway,*
*Whilst he who scores and greedy cries for more,*
*Finds victims wary, playing for delay.*

EDWARD F. SLAYBACK

LOANS
COMMISSION

*NE page of martial lore is rudely torn;*
*Another Grant is of ambition shorn;*
*For Mammon willed that Mars should store away*
*A score of uniforms he's never worn.*

ALLEN ARNOLD

UNIFORM ANCIENT AND HONORABLE EAST WIND BRIGADE.
BAKED BEANS LIGHT INFANTRY
JONAH'S YATCHTING COSTUME
WALL STREET
SWORD OF BUNKER HILL
DAGGER USED BY BRUTUS IN STABBING CAESAR.
UNIFORM
UNIFORM
UNIFORM
UNIFORM
PATENT OF GRANDMOTHER GOOD FOR ANY CAMPAIGN
JOHN L. SULLIVAN'S BELT AND GLOVES
UNIFORMS, WORN BY THE ARNOLDS, TIME OF WILLIAM TELL
CARRIE NATION'S FIGHTING TOGS
SWORD & SHIELD OF HORATIUS COCLES, BRIDGE KEEPER.
CAVALRY UNIFORM WORN BY THE PILGRIM FATHERS
UNIFORM PURITAN CADETS
ALEXANDER THE GREAT'S SWORD & PISTOLS
DAVID'S SLING, AND THE ROCK THAT FINISHED GOLIATH
BRIG GEN'L METHUSELAH'S UNIFORM.
MILITIA UNIFORM WORN BY ADAM - 4004 B.C.
ARNOLDS SUIT
WHEN I FIRST PUT THIS UNIFORM ON, I SAID AS I LOOKED IN THE GLASS, NOT A BANKER, A BROKER, OR A STOCK EXCHANGE JOKER, CAN MY "FIGGERS" OR COSTUMES SURPASS

*ORE wine to him who banisheth all ills*
*Stalking ozone from valley unto hills!*
*Pauseth he not in running for his goal,*
*Although his be the deadly pace that kills.*

STEWART BARR

*HE strongest man who heads the safest house,*
*May fall beneath the alcoholic "souse";*
*So too the huntsman, taken unawares,*
*Is hoodwinked by a rabbit or a mouse.*

CHAS. E. BERNER

W.O. Wilson

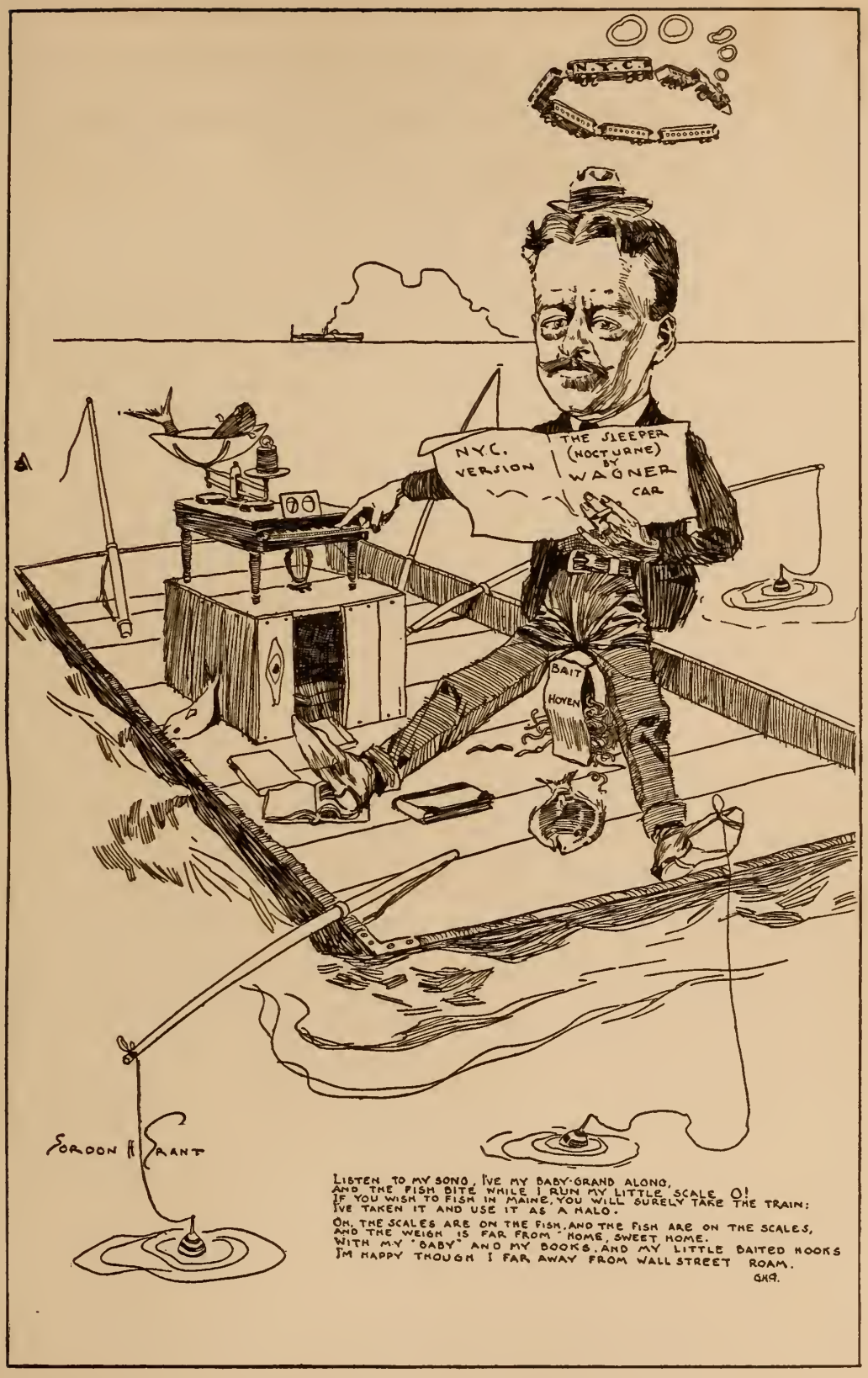
*HY sing "Tannhauser" midst the tuneless roar*
*Of maddened speculators on the "floor"*
*When 'Self and kin wed to melodic art,*
*Might make all time one Wageresque encore.*

A. H. Borman

DO I MAKE A GOOD SIEGFRIED?
HIS DAILY SERENADE AT THE CHANGE
TANN-HÄUSER
LIBRETTO
GÖTTERDAMMERUNG
LOHENGRIN
LIBRETTO
RING DER NIEBELUNGEN
DIE WALKÜRE
PHOTO BY PIRIE McDONALD
BOX G.
METROPOLITAN OPERA
PROGRAMME

*USIC and fishing! Fellows most unruly!*
*Yet here is one who follows both unduly.*
*Music is fact controlled by written law,*
*While fishing fact is fiction told untruly.*

HENRY H. CONE




LISTEN TO MY SONG, I'VE MY BABY-GRAND ALONG,
AND THE FISH BITE WHILE I RUN MY LITTLE SCALE. O!
IF YOU WISH TO FISH IN MAINE, YOU WILL SURELY TAKE THE TRAIN:
I'VE TAKEN IT AND USE IT AS A HALO.

OH, THE SCALES ARE ON THE FISH, AND THE FISH ARE ON THE SCALES,
AND THE WEIGH IS FAR FROM "HOME, SWEET HOME."
WITH MY "BABY" AND MY BOOKS, AND MY LITTLE BAITED HOOKS
I'M HAPPY THOUGH I FAR AWAY FROM WALL STREET ROAM.

GKG.

*O walk, to read, to limn the cult of both:*
*These are my leaven for the loaves of dross;*
*And, lose or win, I'm never at a loss,*
*In choicest Bostonese to preach their growth.*

FRANK A. DAY

TO COTTAGE FARM
ANTI AUTOMOBILE TOXIN

*HY danger tempt and blasphemy unreel,*
*Over an ever wrecked automobile,*
*When tennis courts bemoan a shining star*
*Whose "fifteen loves" swayed many a woman's weal.*

ERNEST H. DECOPPET

*WHY fly to Nature on a summer's day,*
*And waste one's time on canine Jack and Tray,*
*When there are dumb "goats" haunting the Exchange,*
*Who thirst and hunger to be led astray.*

WILLIAM B. DEHAVEN

L. C. Fireman

*TRANGE that the smallest men are often found*
*Whose giant strides to fame are never finished!*
*And Gallic neck-ties flaunt no power diminished,*
*Nor tastes sartorial prove his ken unsound.*

JACOB FIELD

N.Y. STOCK EXCHANGE
C.H. DeWITT
OH, NO, HE IS NOT MARSHALL FIELD II, BUT AIN'T HE A DANDY FIELD MARSHAL
W.B. OLIVER
AIN'T HE TOO CUTE
J.W. GATES
GOOD BOY, JAMES
MAKE WAY FOR THE BULL-DOG GANG
J. FIELD LEADER
WALL ST FINANCIER

*H, lucky man, that hath a speed of wit*
*As well as foot, and here or there can flit!*
*Who jollies* Harvard, *any land may lure*
*And chain the* British Lion *fast to it.*

ANDREW B. GRAVES

BAEDECKER
PARIS
EGYPT
NORTH POLE
SOUTH POLE

*ISHERS of men, who bait with lures of gold*
*Can find in deep sea fishing joys untold*
*For here as on the land all fish are fools,*
*And by the flimsiest promises are sold.*

ALBERT H. GROSS

1/4
1/16
J. C. Fireman

*WAY with laws that chase o'er field and fen*
*The fighter of the husband of the hen!*
*Tales must have heroes, heroes spring from gore,*
*And gore flies not save through the minds of men.*

E. Sanford Hatch

BET A MILLION!
CORY 1902

*RE radium was, no light so bright as thou,*
*And with thy racing laurels on thy brow,*
*Thy fascination, elevation too,*
*Took speed from thee for thou couldst show them how.*

G. Trowbridge Hollister

*UCEPHALUS! Ah, thing of dainty grace,*
*With "Adonisia" stamped upon his face!*
*The polo ball afeard, flies from his stroke,*
*Because his skill shows everything its place.*

EDWARD H. HOUGH

ARCHIE GUNN

*AIL, thou who scorned the laws as blue ones classed,*
*And fought for Nature's! Blest thy clanking chains!*
*For thou didst brave a dungeon's aches and pains*
*That golf on Sunday might forever last!*

EDWARD H. JEWETT

O & W
FOR SALE CHEAP.
FOR SALE NO REASONABLE OFFER REFUSED
MALT
P&E
T.C. Fireman

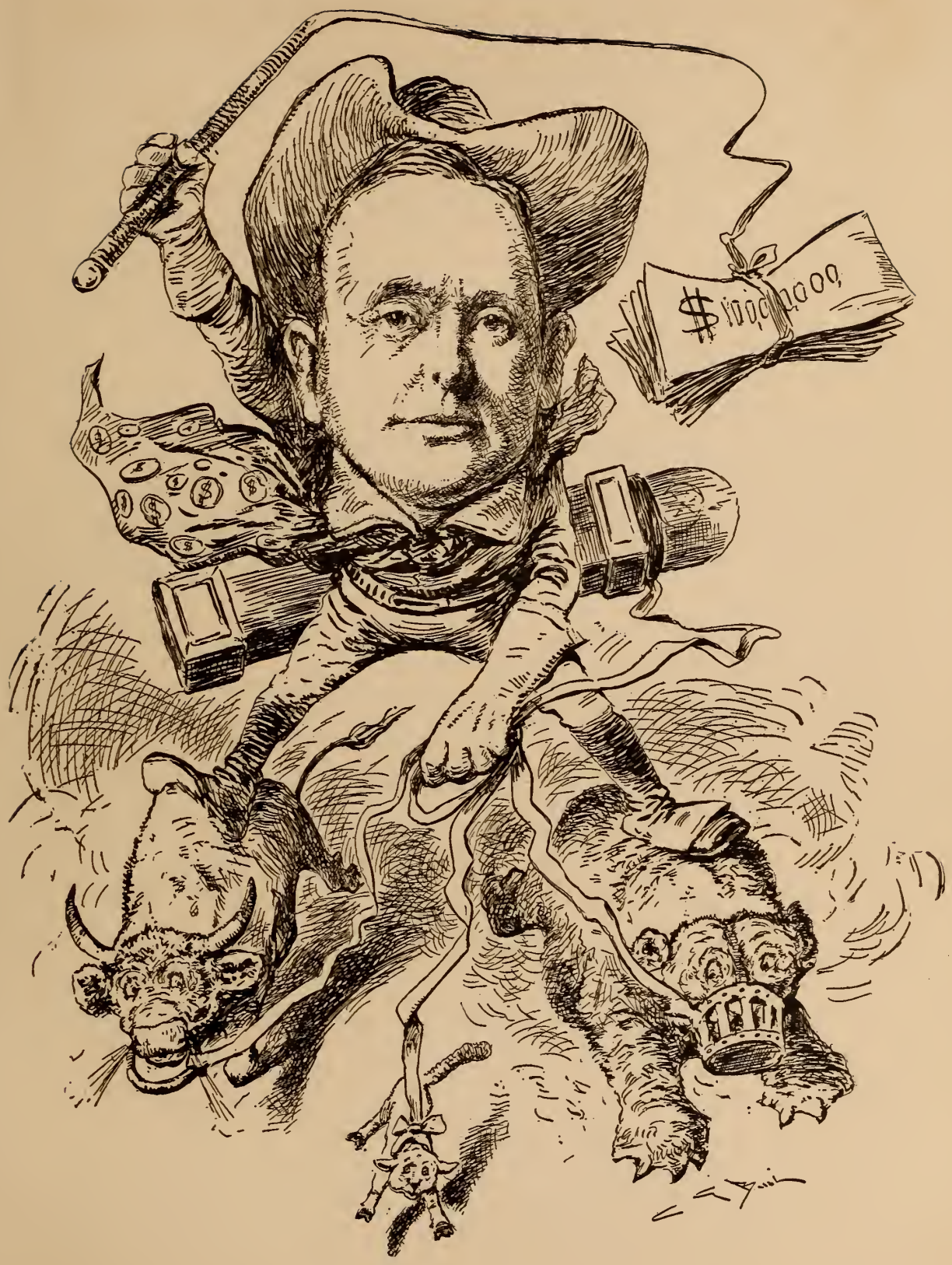
*HAT'S in a name! Ask that and tell me how*
*Once famed in history and greater now,*
*Twin steel clad heroes grace the Hall of Fame.*
*Sure one of them were in Paradise enow!*

PHILIP KEARNEY

IN
THE GOLDEN
RAIN
STEEL PFD
STEEL PFD

*HOU bled'st with Roosevelt down at dank Caney,*
*And swam to victory in many a fray;*
*Who lives to learn, who learns to live aright,*
*Must live thy life that's one long holiday.*

CHARLES E. KNOBLAUCH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*OW many earn a dollar with a dime!*
*How many more Good Fortune link with Time!*
*But few there be who can devise a check,*
*Good in the marts of Trade in every clime.*

PERCIVAL KUHNE

Letter of Credit
Europe
THALERS
DRAFTS
EUROS
NEW YORK
LEIPSIC
Halrymple

*HE dilletante sport can fire and thrill*
*Without athletic sweat, and dirt, and "Spill."*
*'Tis quite inspiring now and then to find*
*A true athlete that's neither Jack nor Jill.*

WILLIAM LAIMBEER

ARCHIE GUNN

*ORTUNATE soul whom music hath enthralled!*
*Who hath in mimic galleons sailed and brawled!*
*And yet who's all suffused with strenuous might*
*And stirred to action when his number's called.*

LEO LEVY

641
531
267

*LOCHINVAR! Come hither from the West*
*To waken Gotham from her slumbrous rest;*
*To make the Club drones dance to merry tunes,*
*And women cheer his golfolithic zest.*

CHARLES B. MACDONALD

*APPY the head that any hat can fit*
*According to its plunges in the pit!*
*Who tandem drives today, tomorrow hails*
*A trolley car and gets along with it.*

CHARLES W. MACQUOID

1902

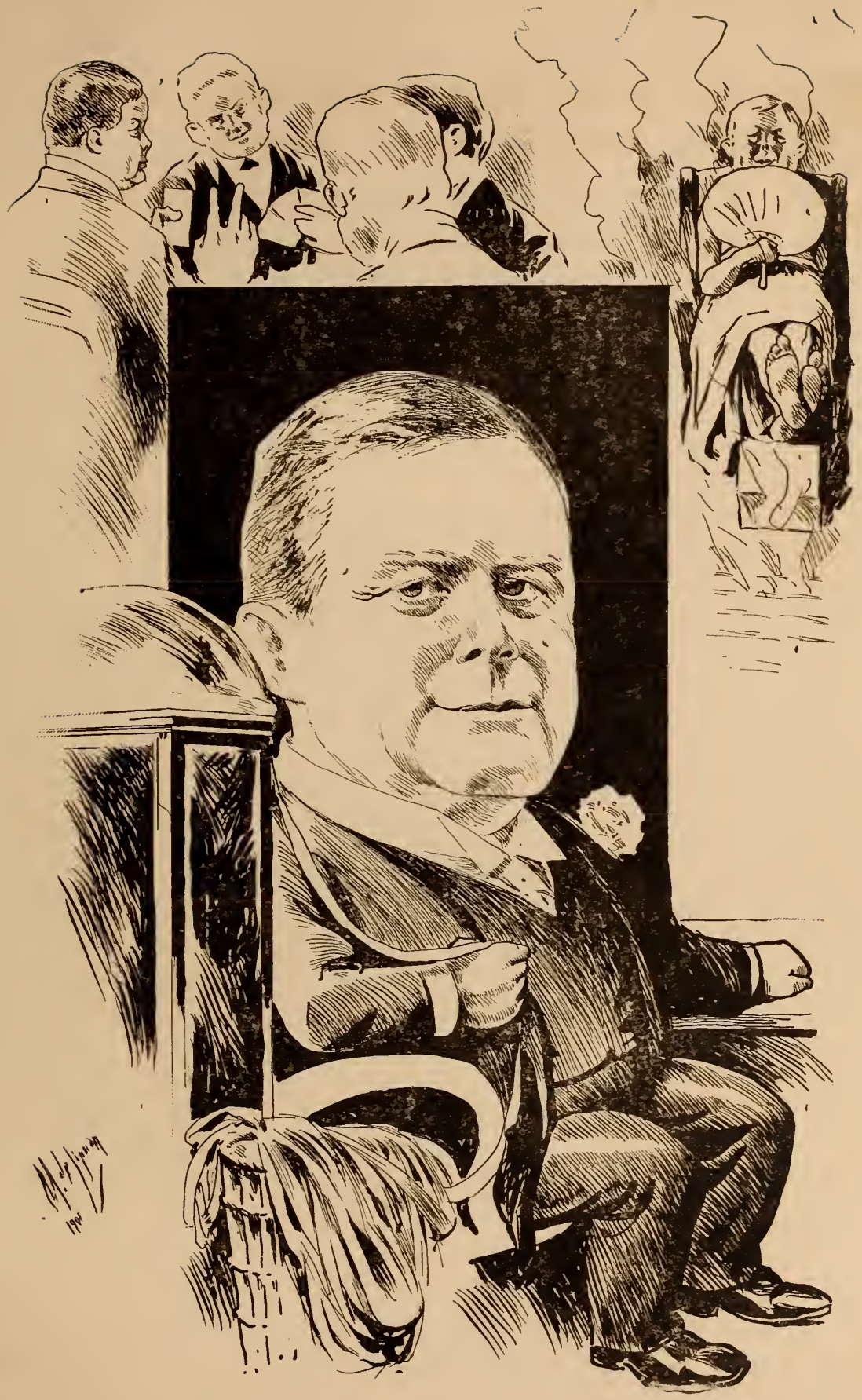
*HE shade of one away and epitaphed,*
*This truth upon my musings photographed;*
*"Who knows is wisdom's self;* my *problem's solved,*
You *grovel in the dark."* *Then fading laughed.*

GEORGE B. MAGOUN

1902.

*LEST he who 'scapes the money lender's wrath,*
*Whose dissipation knows no aftermath!*
*'Tis easy done, for a whole night at "Draw"*
*Is made soft slumber by a Turkish Bath.*

JOHN MUIR



*HE truly strenuous life lets nothing rest;*
*Morn, noon and night for gold an endless quest;*
*Intemperate at Billiards, Cards and Stocks,*
*And something that's concealed beneath his vest.*

WILLIAM E. PEARL.

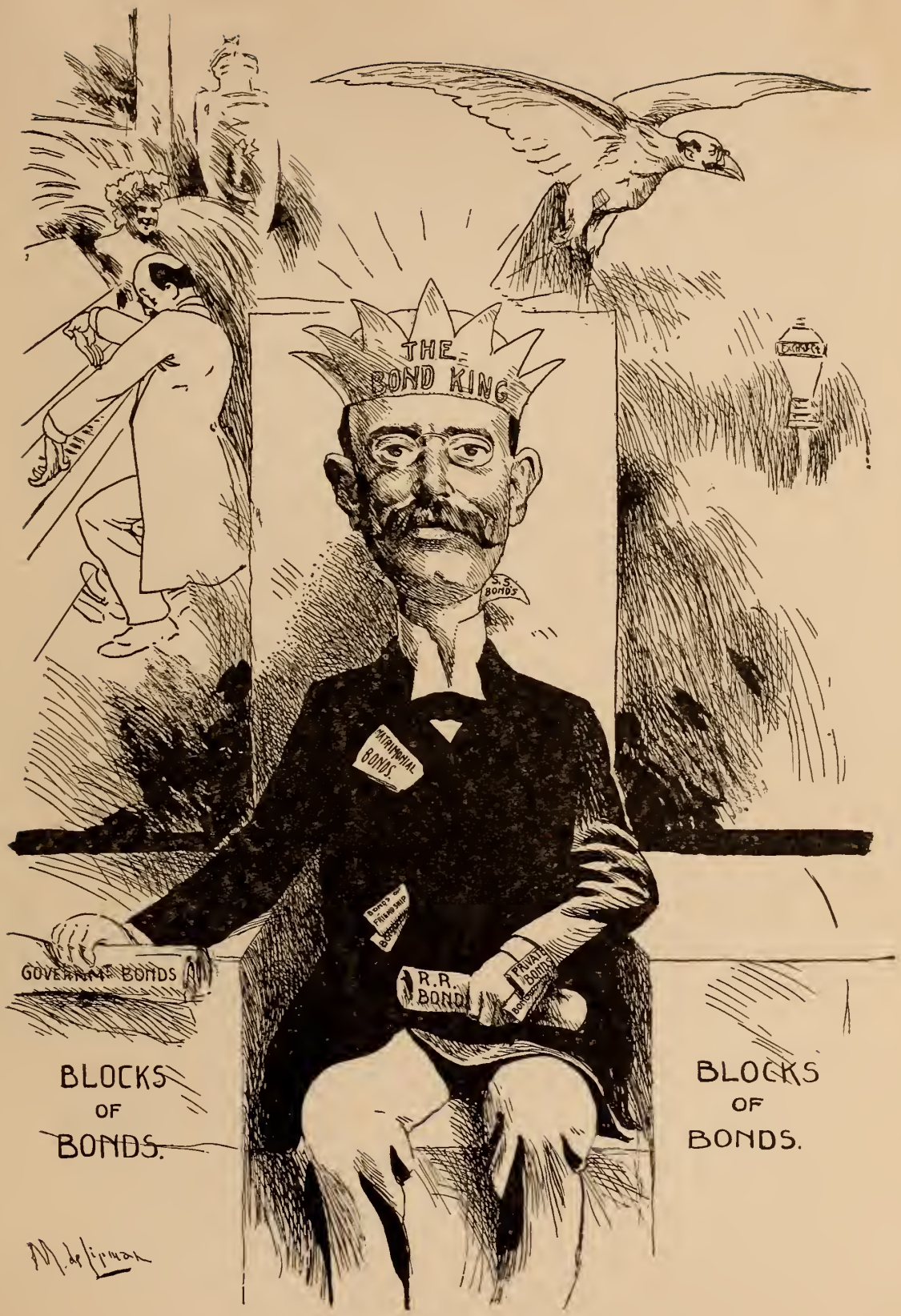
*H, not the Reilly that once did so well!*
*That song was comic, this one is—ah, well!*
*Perhaps the other might have careless been*
*Had he all Brooklyn's sore complaints to quell.*

WILLIAM B. REILLY.

BROOKLYN
RAPID TRANSIT
I'LL BEAT YOU AT THAT!

*AIL to the King of Melody and blondes!*
*Whose realm is builded upon blocks of bonds.*
*Deprecatory vultures fright him not,*
*For he's been tapped by scores of magic wands!*

FRANK RUSSAK


THE BOND KING
MATRIMONIAL BONDS.
R.R. BONDS
PRIVATE BONDS
GOVERNMENT BONDS
BLOCKS OF BONDS.
BLOCKS OF BONDS.

*STRING of horses, High Ball at the head;*
*A string of friends discriminately "fed;"*
*A string of facts and fictions en brochette,*
*Thou art a man to artful "stringing" bred.*

WALTER M. SCHEFTEL

HIGH
BALL
THAT'S
ALL

*LUSH deep, all ye forensic roustabouts,*
*Whilst he of silver voice your mightiest routs!*
*Attune ye all to Demosthenic tone,*
*And stand transfixed with thrall when e'er he shouts.*

SIDNEY SCHIEFFELIN SCHUYLER

ARCHIE GUNN.

*O! Wine Cups full to him whose endless drive*
*Deadens the dullard and keeps life alive;*
*Cupid, Finance, and Horse obey his rein,*
*And yet this striver doth not often strive.*

G. Lee Stout, Jr.

SEWELL COLLINS

*H shade of Roscius! here is thy to-day!*
*Alas! That greed of gold should have its say;*
*Good actor lost, poor broker only, gained,*
*Here stalketh transmigration gone astray.*

EMIL A. TAUCHERT

ARCHIE GUNN

*HERE stalks an Archer, grim, and straight and strong,*
*Who shines in anecdote, and jest and song.*
*What matter since his targets teem with hits,*
*That he's inclined to draw his bow too long.*

JAMES A. TAYLOR.

ARCH. PED.
PRESENTED TO
JAS. TAYLOR ESQ.
LOVING FRIENDS
ON THE BIRTHDAY
CUP
Dalrymple

*IS "Cleekie" cleeks the white ball o'er the lea,*
*His "Putter" puts it where he'd have it be;*
*His "Brassie" brazens with envenomed drive,*
*That wins the liquid stake at final "Tee."*

HENRY B. VAUGHN.

FORE!
U. P.
UNION PACIFIC

*AUSE, liars all! A truthful huntsman's by,*
*Who proves his prowess when the game is nigh;*
*He scorns the rifle as a foe to truth,*
*And shoots with cameras that never lie.*

SAMUEL H. WATTS.

SAFE
THE SNAP & BANG
PAT APPLIED FOR
YOUR PICTURE TAKEN WHILE YOU ARE BEING SHOT

*OT all big streams from little fountains flow,*
*For here's a mighty one that sprung from might,*
*Whose every inch is physical delight,*
*Flooding all banks where vigor hath a "show."*

HENRY W. WARNER.

*NOTHER Crichton comes! Ye gods! The best!*
*Immaculate in well draped form and vest;*
*His angling's dreaming, so his yachting, too,*
*And blissful dreams the girl who loves him best.*

HENRY WEISL.

Fashions
HE IS FOND OF YACHTING (WELL, I GUESS!)
'TWAS BUT A DREAM'
ISN'T HE HANDSOME
MY! WHAT A SMELL
GOLD MEDAL
J. C. Fireman

*HO serves two masters, mastered by a third,*
*Must bear the weight of mem'ries disinterred.*
*For like breeds like, and Freedom's twice refused,*
*To mate the Lion to the Yankee bird.*

HENRI P. WERTHEIM.

E STOCKIBUS
UNUM.
J. C. Fireman

*BRUMMEL lives! But not the Beau of old,*
*This latter one succeeds in struggles bold;*
*Polo, base ball, or rounding up a herd,*
*And yet his garb hath grace in every fold.*

J. Lorimer Worden.

*ICTOR Emeritus who rowed at Yale!*
*Giant in Bargain, Discount, Purchase, Sale;*
*Man every inch of him where man's concerned,—*
*A very child beneath a woman's wail.*

HENRY G. CAMPBELL, JR.

STOCKEY
T. C. Fireman

*THOU knowest, friend, of the untiring grind*
*That comes to those who joy in Yachting find;*
*Where hospitality's so oft abused,*
*And where thrift like to love is ever blind.*

JOSEPH CONNAH.

*WOULD seem this foot-ball expert were equipped*
*To "tackle" every Bull whose foot has slipped;*
*To score a "touch-down" on the Bear's advance,*
*And "kick off" flying creditors who've skipped.*

CLARENCE DEWITT.

*HO'S schooled to war absorbs the confidence*
*That guards all avenues of prominence;*
*And if on land or sea his prowess shine,*
*Small failure's covered by a big pretense.*

FRANK W. DURYEA.

IVAYWARD

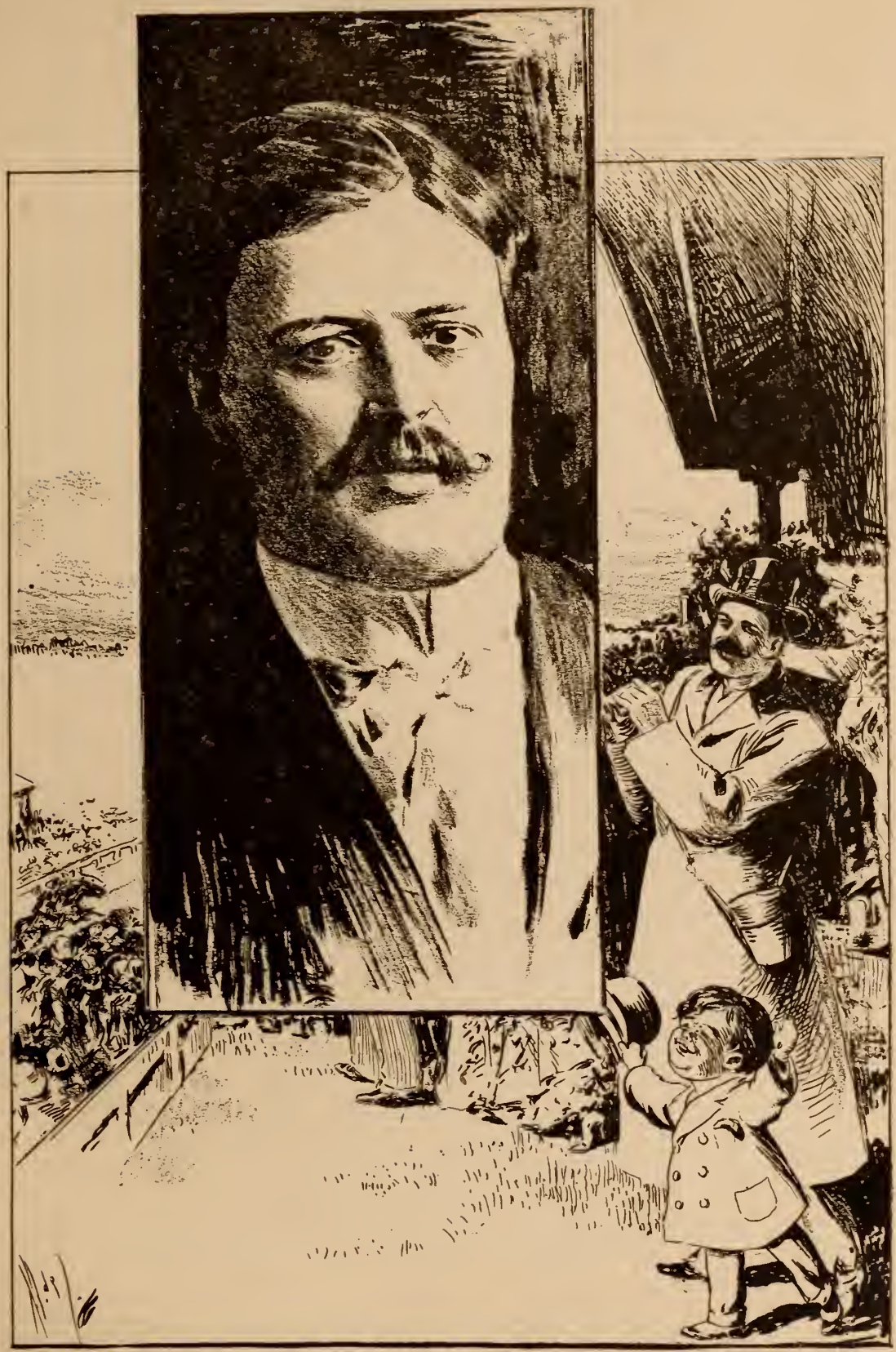
*SMILE, a yacht, a ponderous cigar,*
*Indifference to care and also cash;*
*And here is one, who in financial crash,*
*Should cloud the glint of his paternal star.*

CHARLES G. GATES.

GET OUT OF THE WAY YOU IDIOT
CHARLIE IS QUITE A SHOT
ARCHIE GUNN

*O-SIGN and tangent, angle too, and curve,*
*Are oft the play-toys of the man of nerve;*
*And this bold wizard of the billiard cue*
*From them hath gained his geometric nerve.*

HENRY G. HAHLO.



*HE even balanced mind rules speculation,*
*And smiles upon the widest fluctuation.*
*He loans and borrows, draws to fill, and fails,*
*Without the least ocular demonstration.*

HUGO H. HAHLO.

STOCKS to LOAN
BONDS
STOCKS
STOCKS
STOCKS
BONDS
STOCKS
BORROWED STOCKS
SECURITIES
STOCK EXCHANGE FLOOR
E. Fisher

*E cannot kill who never wields the lance,*
*Nor wins the man who will not toy with chance.*
*The world is Fortune's wheel, and those who play*
*Alone stand in the light of Victory's glance.*

WILLIAM D. HUTTON.

MY STOLIC EXCHANGE
THAT'S HUTTON
I NEVER HAVE TO BUY ANYTHING
I'LL TAKE A CHANCE ON ANY OLD THING
ONLY $ 2.00 A CHANCE
$100.00 A CHANCE
SOME THINGS I HAVE WON AT RAFFLE.
ONLY $100 00. A CHANCE
- Rigby -

*HO wears upon his breast a Nation's thanks*
*In pounds of bronze won in her army's ranks,*
*Can laugh to scorn the puny wars of trade,—*
*And stand unmoved at Fortune's wildest pranks.*

Louis M. Josephthal.

U.S.N.
1902

*MATCHLESS Centaur hung with ribbons blue,*
*Who's wooed by Croesus hustling can eschew,*
*Save that which augurs a diurnal drive*
*With "Good Old Times," and very hot ones, too.*

Ira A. Kip, Jr.

EXCHANGE SPOTS
Y' RING
TO
BARREL
SHOT "OLD TIMES"
BLUE RIBBON
J. C. Fireman

*ND here's the Golf-King! Victories a score*
*Are written on Fame's tablets. Strong men roar,*
*All women cheer with kerchiefs every stroke,*
*And dead the man who's by when he cries "Fore."*

EDWARD S. KNAPP.

FORE!
CORY 1902—

*HOSE heritage is enmity to crime,*
*Should hold in leash all hot air sails on time.*
*He technically breaks a moral law*
*Who promises a dollar for a dime.*

JOHN H. MCCULLOUGH.

COPPER

*RUE there are many transcendental joys*
*In mimic war and muscles' equipoise;*
*But oh! beware less bound by unread tapes,*
*Thou findest Bulls and Bears are more than toys.*

MONSON MORRIS.

12TH REGIMENT
2 LB.
Rigby

*IGH stooled like Patience on a monument,*
*Doth Leo "dope the tapes" for ten per cent,*
*Then mounting recklessly his motor car,*
*He showed the world where half his profit went.*

LEOPOLD NEWBORG.

CLEAR THE ROAD

*EWARE the aim that, ill directed, misses;*
*Read up the fate of over-sure Narcissus.*
*Cocksureness is ambition misapplied,*
*And often fails to win Dame Fortune's kisses.*

ROBERT C. NICHOLAS.

*FEAR me much that he who's too intense*
*On Alma Mater days, with foot ball sense;*
*Who's fond of tricks of strength, and magic, too,*
*Learns not the tricks that make true affluence.*

HENRY H. OLTMAN.

You're all right Old man
YALE
YALE
YALE
YALE
YALE
is where he lives
PROF. SANDOW of WALL ST
SHORT
And as for tricks with cards, — whew!

*HO could read on this brow of summer brown,*
*So seldom marred by conscious Wisdom's frown,*
*That, hid behind its proof, no law can reach—*
*New York is after all an "open town."*

H. Archie Pell.

IT'S TIME TO CHANGE YOUR CLOTHES AGAIN
ISN'T HE CUTE!
PELL HIGH BALL
J. C. Fireman

*OW curious are fads! 'Twould seem in vain,*
*When one speeds trotters and can buy champagne,*
*To haunt the purliens of auction sales*
*For implements of war and porcelain.*

FREDERIC S. ROOK.

AUCTION
SALE
TODAY
ANTIQUES
GOOD!

*HIS Titan changes copper into gold*
*With daring the superlative of bold;*
*But, ah! time was when copper turned to lead,*
*And he has bought to find that he's been sold.*

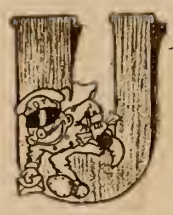
HERBERT A. SCHEFTEL.

COPFER

*MASSIVE frame, dark as a midnight plot,*
*Chokes up my portal with a cumbrous trot.*
*How we can be mistaken! That tense face*
*Seems all malignity, but it is not.*

SIDNEY M. STERNBACH.

Mayer



*POON success the laurel crown must fall;*
*The aim that kills not, counteth not at all;*
*This shot to bring down canvas-back and wine,*
*Hence not the Buster Brown of rue de Wall.*

Louis A. Sussdorff.

HOLY SMOKE
ITS SUSSDORF
PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD
R. F. Outcault

*URELY a fashion plate is here arrayed!*
*A face by naught but shocking taste dismayed;*
*But woe alack! it cannot be denied,*
*That good form seldom dominates in trade.*

WILLIAM C. VAN ANTWERP.

ARCHIE GLEN

*ALL as a telescopic tripod, he*
*Must be presumed as far to clearly see,*
*But after all Wealth's measured not by rule,*
*But by the "guessing how" successfully.*

EDWARD DEWITT WALSH.

ARCHIE GUNN

Now then farewell, Wealth's Honorary Staff!
If I have writ me Muse's epitaph,
Remember that whom one hath never seen,
He cannot flatter like a photograph.

I pledge ye all a plentitude of wealth,
Save where 'tis vitiating to good health,
And crave your pardons that so many rhymes
Were built on information gained by stealth.

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